I HATE YOU.

FUCKZINE



I HATE YOU

ISSUE XXX

FUCKIN WELCOME TO I HATE YOU FUCKZINE. TO START OFF SHITHEAD, WE HAVE SOME THREATS AND SHIT.

-TOTHOSE WHO SOLD OUT ON STRAIGHTEDGE, MY FRIENDS AND I HAVE A LIST OF YOUR FUCKIN NAMES AND WE ARE GOING TO FUCKIN BRAND X'S ON YOUR HANDS SO YOU WHIL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR LIES, TRICKERY, AND HYPERCRIFICAL ACTIONS! YOU BETTER THANK GOD THAT YOU DON'T LIVE IN MY NEIGHBOR-HOOD, SHITHEAD! YOU'D BE DEAD AND BURIED!

TO ALL THOSE WHOM HATE STRAIGHTEDGE OR THINK THEY'RE TOO COOL FOR IT ANYMORE, OR WHAT EVER YOUR LAME FUCKIN EXCUSE IS. YOUR THE VERY REASON HARDCORE SUCKS SOMETIMES. AND YOU'LL SIT AND BITCH AND BITCHTILL NO END. I'M TIRED OF HEARING YOUR FUCKIN MOUTH, DICKFACE, FILTH LIKE YOURSELF SHOULD BE PERMANENTLY DEPORTED FROM THIS SCENE I HOLD SO TRUE. EVEN BETTER... HOW ABOUT WE FUCKIN PUNCH YOUR FAT FACE IN? YOU SUCK AND SO DOES YOUR FUCKIN IDEOLOGY.

XXX

Frankie jumped on Sammy's back. He wrapped his arms around Sammy's neck. He got Sammy's right ear between his teeth and bit it. Sammy reached to try to pull Frankie off his back, but Frankie bit him on the hand so hard it made the hand bleed. Then he clamped his teeth on Sammy's ear again.

"Get this kid off mel" Sammy shouted.

None of the kids watching made a move.

"You let John alone or I'll bite your ear off!" Frankie yelled. Then he again clamped his teeth on Sammy's ear.

OPENING LETTER TO A BUNCH OF LOOSERS I ONCE CALLED MY FRIENDS

Dearest Losers,

You fuckin suck. Your life isn't worth one drop of my piss. Fuck your drugs. You use your drugs as nothing but yet another one of your passing trends just as you once used straightedge. Its a damm shame. When the hell are you gonna wake the fuck up? Your not cool. It makes me sick, the thought of you getting high while you listen to your pathetically dubbed Revelation and Roadrunner bands. Skip all the bullshit and just flip to side B and listen to your fuckin Cypress Hill tape or any of your other sorry ass gangsta rap music (or your deadhead shit, which ever crap you prefer). It makes me sick to hear your fuckin "drug talk", I don't fuckin care how wasted you got this weekend. Hell, I could care less if the fuckin shit killed you. Maybe you'd be better off dead, better off for yourself and for me. You have nothing to live for anyway as if your life isn't too pathetic anyway. Your nothing but a fuckin joke we laugh at you every day. You were once our friends but now you fuel our anger, my hate. Here's some fuckin advice: Don't ever fuckin try and pass yourself off as one of my friends ever again, I'll spit in your fuckin face. Fuck you. Fuck your drugs.

Love, Jonny Edge



OUR HEROES.

X JONNY EDGE X

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 140 LBS. DATE OF BIRTH: UNKNOWN

ORIGIN: UNKNOWN

SPECIALTIES: NOT KNOWN TO USE ANT WEAPONS EXCEPT THE OCCASIONAL TRIPLE X LOUISVILLE SLUGGER, JONNY EDGE IS MORE KNOWN FOR A SIMPLE ASS KICKING. "ONCE I PUNCH MY FIST THOROUGH THEIR FUCKIN HEADS, THEIR PRETTY MUCH DEAD."

X CHISEL X

HEIGHT: ?" ?" WEIGHT: ??? LBS.

DATE OF BIRTH: UNKNOWN

ORIGIN: UNKNOWN

SPECIALTIES: MASTER OF THE TRIPLE X BLADE. KNOWN TO STALK HIS VIC-TIMS IN THE NIGHT AND SLICE THEIR THROATS AN WATCH THEIR BLOOD AND OTHER INTOXICANTS SPILL AND STAIN THE GROUND.

STRAIGHTEDGE

FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU. FUCKYOU. FUCKYOU. FUCK

YOU FUCK YOU TOK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU. IN ALL HONGEN, KIEST OFFE, DO YOU THINK YOU'SE BETTER THAN YOU TOURS JEHLUS OF MY STRUME POT CERT FROM THE MORCH BASIALASS THAT I GO TO SCHOOL WITH REALLY GET ON MY GOODAMARD 1 JUST WANT TO ANSWER SOME FICKING QUESTICUS IF I COULD. THOSE DUMB 455 QUESTIONS IN THE PARTY

"BIDN'T YOU USED TO DELIKE AND SMOKES" KEME, I DID AND I REFRENCY, KNU I'M BETTER THAN ALL OF YOU INFERRICE DRUG ANDIET SHITS. I CHANGED FOR THE BETTER, DO YOU HAVE A PRICEIFY, WITH THAT? LUCK, I'LL KICLE YOUR FUCKING NISS! NITH DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN FUCKING BUSINESS! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM, SHITHERD? I AM CHISEL, AND I AM STRAKHTER THAN YOU WILL GLER DE

WILL PAND IT ETERNILLY SUPPOPERATE. (AT A LIFE, CHITETO. FUCK YOU, I BY THE THREE YOU

FUCE YOUR POT AND BREER. FORE YOUR PRIBUS

HUCK YOU AND A YOUR TOUL A YOUR OU. FUCKYOU. FUCK THE WELL NEVER GUESTO TELLYOU. THEREOF IS BOTH IN PETERSE AND PESSED AND YOU WILL NOT " WHEN THE YELL IS HADDOCKED" YOU'LL NEWS KNOW, DAVY ME AND MY FRIGHTS KNOW, IT'S A SECRET

YOU. FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU.

- birth defects.
- suffer due to your ignorance? Alcohol and eigarettes are tested on animals. Why do the innocent have to
- grow the fuck up and get help if you really need it. high price just to fuckin die. And i don't want to go down with you. So Your paying for your own destruction. The funny thing is your paying a
- edge army, fuck lace. You'd be saving yourselves a beating from the great ranks of the straight
- a fuckin looser. I'm sick of it! If you do quit then maybe you can become straightedge. Then you'll be better than them. Face it DRUGS SUCK and if you choose to do them your

STRAIGHTEDGI

WHY YOU SHOULDN'T DO DRUGS.

- can see this. Drugs are just plain out fuckin stupid. Drugs kill. If you have eyes you
- drugs. I'm tired of watching people ,whom i care for, kill themselves. Smoke by smoke, beer by beer... about your loved ones or friends whom hurt also because of your fuckin Drugs not only harm your self. I guess your to self-centered to forget
- Alcohol leads to many problems:
- fuckin driving drunk ill fuckin kill you before you kill yourself and possibly drunk driving (stay the fuck off the roads because if i ever see you
- date rape. You should be ashamed. Stupid fuckin jocks. lamily problems.

"Straightedge sucks"?? Fuck you bitch! ill kill you! what the fuck do you know about it, you little pot smoking alterntive mix youth culture motherfucker? [well kick your ass!] im chisel, chiseling away at your little impurities and everything you have that makes me better than you! so fuck off! you know shit about straightedge! what, did you read something about it in your Soul Asylumed? you will bow before the edge, or you will see my black X'ed fists pummeling you and your alternative boyfriend, geek! keep talking shit! ill grab the microphone at the next hardcore show and fuckin beat the shit out of you, feeding you the strong words of straightedge until you bleed that youth culture shit all over the floor! fuck off, you little non-straightedge piece of shit, may you choke on your poisons, trying to fit in your clique, as you read this masterpiece.

XXX Jound Edge XXX

in hykkoxoke we had to be celect the maverage in the maverage of the maverage in conforthed in conforthed in conforthed in the same old bullshit within our so called "scene." I'm sick of you fuckers rutining it for all of us, especially for the people who fuckin care, and that's just what the fuck your doing. I'm gonna fuckin kick all of your mother fuckin asses. I fuckin hate you. Die.

I'm sorry I'm not hardcore enough to be your friend or belong to your fittle "clique." I'm sorry my zines aren't good enough or my music isn't "top 40 hardcore" of the time. FUCK YOU, My music - my vines are far more fuckin sincere than any of your fuckin aname brand" trash. I'm sorry I don't know loe fuckin Hardcore, because I hear he's got all the connections in the scene... The only connections id like to get, are my fists to some of your fuckin self righteous faces. (Yes, maybe somecines in the only connections in the scene... The only connections in the some of your fuckin self righteous faces. (Yes, maybe somewhere alone of your fuckin self righteous faces. (Yes, maybe somewhere alone in the only connections in the some conclusions in secons this second to be it was laid to be.

I know this band that broke up a while ago, but if you need them to play a show, they only ask for sixteen hundred dollars! wow! thats the kind of thing hardcore needs! they bring new shirts along, for only fifteen dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one, they also have a surplus of their debut 7", that dollars you can own one.

Look at you, telling me I'm wrong because i don't hang out with you and your shit head friends. FUCK YOU, MAN! I have a message for you. Prepare for what's coming. Prepare for the Armageddon of Straightedge, you measly worthless little shits! Go ahead and kill off more of your brain cells while you can, dickhead! Very soon, you'll be forced to throw out your precious poisons! Straightedge revenge is coming. And its headed directly for you, don't move a fuckin muscle! Its more than revenge, you pot head little shit, its a fuckin VENGEANCE! Vengeance is ours! You'll drown in your own alcohol - infested blood when straightedge vengeance arrives, you addicts.

X CHISEL X

STRAIGHTEDGE + VENGEANCE = WAR!!!

IHAN YU * Note: If any of the material in this zine caused you to become angry mad or take offence, you are most likely our attended reader (an we know we've done something right). Otherwise - LIGHTEN UP!

STRAIGHT EDGE

closing. I'm sorry you had to listen to all of this but you had to sooner or later. Its just this time were not hiding behind big words, and in between lines. Like a slap in the face we just hit you with the biggest piece of straightedge hate. And you hated it all and cried, because you know how much your zine sucks and how much your band sucks and how much you suck personally. Like a bash to the back of the head and the crack of my triple X base ball bat, your weak minds were destroyed at last. But this is just the beginning and were not going away. Every beer you drink, every cigarette and joint you smoke we grow stronger. We multiply like your sicking collection of horrible alternative music.

So go ahead burn this - rip it - trash it - talk shit about it, you think your pleasing yourself. But we know. We laugh at the fact you hate this zine (hell, we probably laugh at you anyway, faggot) and the more and more you try to destroy us the stronger we grow, like I said FUCK FACE!

XXX JONNY EDGE XXX

ihateyou.

straightedge=bloodshed

